

DC
MAXI-SERIES 3 OF 12

AMETHYST

PRINCESS OF GEMWORLD

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★ ★ ★

NO. 3
JULY

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
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THE NEW



THERE'S NO
STOPPING
US NOW.

RAINBOW FIRE LEAPS FROM A JEWEL THAT IS BLACK AS NIGHT, IN THE SERVICE OF A HIDEOUS INTENT...



...THE DAZZLING BEAUTY OF THE GEM CANNOT DISGUISE THE EVIL WITHIN-- FOR IT BEARS THE MARK OF A VILE MASTER, AND HIS NAME AS WELL...

...DARK OPAL, LORD OF THE GEMWORLD!



HE RULES HIS DOMAIN WITH AN IRON WILL AND WITH ANIMAL CUNNING-- EVEN, UPON OCCASION, WITH DIPLOMACY AND TACT--



--BUT NEVER WITH MERCY!

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FOR TWICE TEN YEARS HIS REIGN HAS GONE UNCHALLENGED-- UNTIL THE HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF AMETHYST RETURNED TO CLAIM DARK OPAL'S THRONE AS HER--

...AND VOICES OF INSURRECTION, LONG STILLED, NOW DARE TO SPEAK AGAIN IN WHISPERS!

BUT HERE IN THE BOWELS OF FORTRESS OPAL ALL IS SILENT, AS THE GRIM MONARCH PREPARES HIS COUNTERMOVES--



--WEAVING A WEB OF SORcery IN WHICH TO ENSNARE THE ONES WHO WOULD OPPOSE HIM!

FATHER, I'VE BROUGHT THE GEM, THE CITRINE, AS YOU ASKED! FATHER--?

WHERE IS HE? HE TOLD ME TO MEET HIM IN--



YAAAA!

YOU HAVE SOMETHING FOR ME, CARNELIAN?

Y-YES, IT... THAT IS, I-I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE CITRINE!

VERY GOOD.

BUT...IF I MAY ASK, FATHER-- WHAT GOOD IS THIS LESSER GEM TO YOU? IT IS NOT NEARLY SO POWERFUL AS YOUR OPAL!

I STOLE THIS JEWEL FROM THE WITCH CITRINA LONG YEARS AGO, WHEN MY FATHER RULED THE HOUSE OF OPAL-- KNOWING I WOULD ONE DAY FIND A USE FOR IT!

NOW THE TRAP IS IN PLACE!

WHAT TRAP IS THAT?

TO CAPTURE CITRINA, MY SON... AND TO USE HER IN TURN AS THE BAIT THAT WILL LURE THE PRINCESS AMETHYST TO ME...

...AND TO HER DOWNFALL!

Anna Winston's nights were filled with Dreams... with visions of a lost Larky... then she discovered that she was no child of earth, but the orphaned heir to a Mystic Throne...

AMETHYST

PRINCESS
OF GEMWORLD

ISN'T THIS FANTASTIC, GIRL? IT'S LIKE A TREMENDOUS MAGICAL ROLLER COASTER! I WISH IT COULD GO ON FOREVER!

WHIMPER

AW, IT'S NOT MUCH FUN FOR YOU, IS IT? DON'T WORRY, IT'S ALMOST OVER!

John Costanza, LETTERER

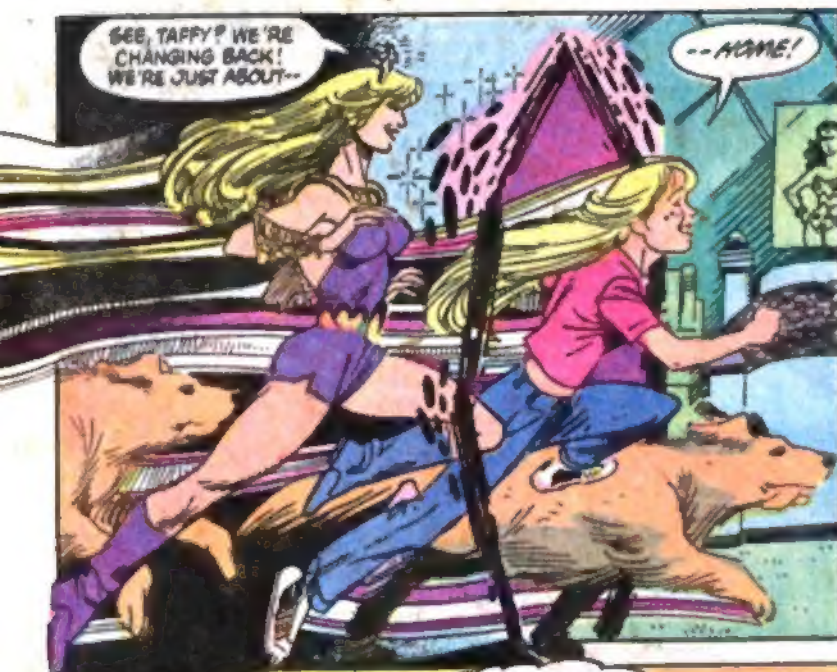
Tom Zuko, COLORIST

Karen Berger, EDITOR

CREATED BY
Dan Mishkin & Gary Cohn, WRITERS
and Ernie Colon, ARTIST

TANGLED WEB

CONTINUED ON 39th PAGE FOLLOWING



SEE, TAFFY? WE'RE CHANGING BACK! WE'RE JUST ABOUT--

--HOME!



NO, OFFICER, WE STILL HAVEN'T HEARD FROM OUR DAUGHTER-- AND SHE'S BEEN MISSING FOR TWO DAYS!



TWO DAYS!? BUT I WAS ONLY ON THE GEMWORLD A FEW HOURS--

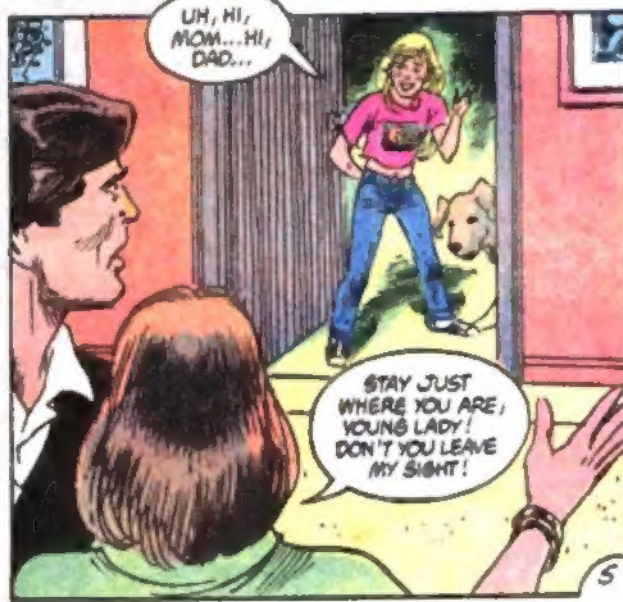
OH, I REMEMBER! CITRINA EXPLAINED HOW TIME FLOWS DIFFERENTLY ON EARTH AND THE GEM-WORLD... THAT'S WHY I'M OLDER THERE!



AND HER DOG'S BEEN GONE THE WHOLE TIME ALSO, MR. WINSTON?

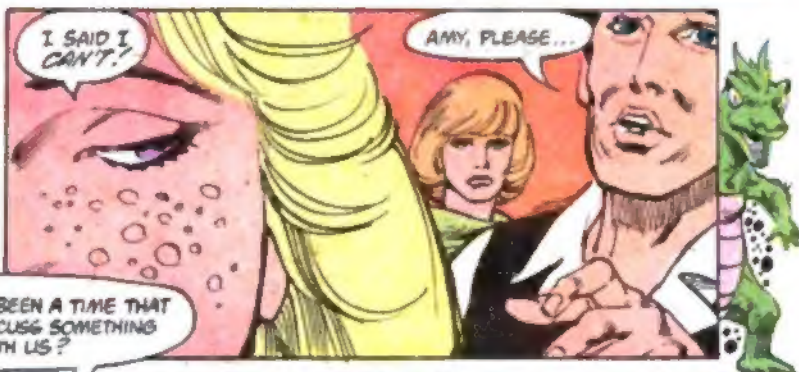
YES, IT'S A GOLDEN RETRIEVER NAMED--

WHAT--?



UH, HI, MOM... HI, DAD...

STAY JUST WHERE YOU ARE, YOUNG LADY! DON'T YOU LEAVE MY SIGHT!





BEING A "SHRINK" MYSELF, AM I SUPPOSED TO TAKE THAT PERSONALLY?

HAVE I DONE SOMETHING THAT'S GOTTEN YOU SO UPSET?

GEE, MOM, IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT... I JUST--



WAIT A SECOND, I'VE SEEN YOU DO THIS BEFORE! YOU GET ME TALKING ABOUT ONE THING AND THEN STEER THE CONVERSATION BACK TO WHAT YOU *REALLY* WANT TO HEAR ABOUT!

WELL I'M NOT ONE OF YOUR PATIENTS, MOM!



I GIVE UP, ANY! YOU CAN BE VERY EXASPERATING SOMETIMES!

MARION, LET ME.



LISTEN, HONEY, THERE'S NO NEED TO TREAT US AS THE ENEMY! WE WANT TO KNOW WHERE YOU DISAPPEARED TO BECAUSE WE LOVE YOU AND CARE ABOUT YOU...

AND WE WANT TO HELP YOU IF WE CAN.



OH YEAH? WHY SHOULD YOU TWO CARE ABOUT ME...

YOU'RE NOT MY REAL PARENTS ANYWAY!

AND ACROSS UNIMAGINED BULKS OF SPACE AND TIME--

WHAT NOW, FATHER?

NOW WE BIDE OUR TIME, CARNELIAN, WHILE I RECOUP MY *SORCEROUS* EVERSHIES! THEN--

LORD OPAL!

AH, SARDONYX--WE
HAVE SEEN YOUR FACE
MORE FREQUENTLY IN
RECENT DAYS! PERHAPS
YOU THINK CARNELIAN'S
FAILURE TO CAPTURE
AMETHYST NOW CAUSES
ME TO FORGET YOUR OWN
MISERABLE DEFEAT
AT HER HANDS!

I KNOW I CANNOT HIDE MY
SHAME FROM YOUR ALL-SEEING
GAZE, MY LORD--I SEEK ONLY
TO SERVE YOU BETTER...

AND TO
THAT END
I HAVE
GATHERED
INFORMATION--
CONCERNING
THE PRINCESS
AMETHYST'S
DISAPPEARANCE
TWENTY
YEARS AGO!

"IT WAS AT THE TIME THAT YOU HAD LAUNCHED YOUR FINAL ASSAULT
UPON THE RULING HOUSE OF AMETHYST... THEIR CASTLE WALLS AND
MAGICAL DEFENCES BREACHED, LADY AND LORD AMETHYST STILL DID
MAKE ONE LAST STAND AGAINST YOUR MIGHT!

THEIR OWN DEATHS WERE ASSURED, BUT THEY SOUGHT TO BUY TIME FOR THE IMPRINT HEIR TO BE SAVED--"

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

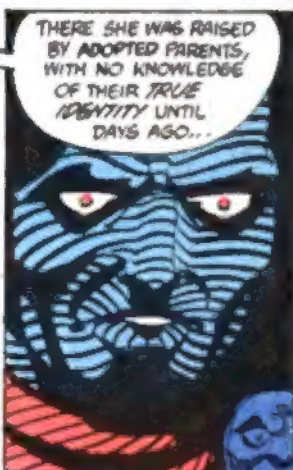
"AND SOON, AT LADY AMETHYST'S COMMAND, THE WITCH-MOTHER CITRINA TOOK THE BABE TO ANOTHER WORLD..."



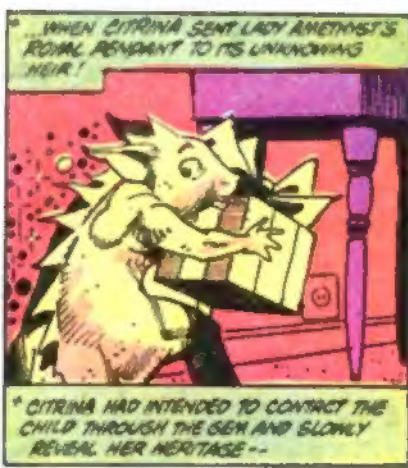
...CALLED EARTH!



THERE SHE WAS RAISED BY ADOPTED PARENTS, WITH NO KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR TRUE IDENTITY UNTIL DAYS AGO...



...WHEN CITRINA SENT LADY AMETHYST'S ROYAL PENDANT TO ITS UNKNOWING HEIR!



* CITRINA HAD INTENDED TO CONTACT THE CHILD THROUGH THE GEM AND SLOWLY REVEAL HER HERITAGE *

...BUT THE ARRIVAL OF YOUR AGENT ON THE HEELS OF THE WITCH-MOTHER'S MESSENGER CHANGED ALL THAT!



* AMETHYST'S RE-INTRODUCTION TO THE GEM-WORLD WAS ABRUPT--FROSTENING... A FACTOR THAT WORKS IN YOUR FAVOR, MY LORD!

* ALSO BY THE UNACCOUNTABLE WORKINGS OF TIME, WHILE TWENTY YEARS HAVE PASSED HERE SINCE HER DEPARTURE, AMETHYST'S EARTHLY SELF IS ONLY THIRTEEN WINTERS OLD!



* DESPITE HER MORE MATURE APPEARANCE, HER EXPERIENCES ARE THOSE OF A CHILD! *

THIS IS ALL MOST INFORMATIVE, SARDONYX--
BUT NOW IS IT THAT THE SPIRITING AWAY OF THE
CHILD AMETHYST ESCAPED OUR SURVEILLANCE
AT THE TIME?

I THINK, MY LORD...



...THAT CARNELIAN MIGHT
HAVE THE ANSWER TO THAT.

EH--YES, FATHER. EARTH--
IS THE WORLD ON WHICH
I WAS BORN!

YOU SEE THE CONNECTION,
MY LORD.

AS THE AMETHYST
FELL AND THE OPAL
ASCENDED YOU FOUND
YOURSELF WITHOUT
AN HEIR TO CARRY
ON YOUR NOBLE
LINE.



...FOR EVERY CHILD YOU HAD Sired
WAS TAINTED BY EVIL DEFORMITY--

--AND YOU HAD CAST THOSE
BLIGHTED OFFSPRING FOREVER
FROM THIS HOUSE!

"SO YOU SENT YOUR DARK
RETAINER FORTH TO SNATCH
A HUMAN BABY--CARNELIAN
--WHO WOULD SUPPLANT THE
CHILDREN YOU HAD REJECTED!"

YOU'VE DONE WELL TO GATHER
THIS INTELLIGENCE, LORD OF
SERPENTS--BUT I CAUTION
YOU...

NEVER AGAIN MAKE MENTION
OF THE ILL-BEGOTTEN
WRETCHES YOU CALL MY
CHILDREN--

--FOR THEY ARE
NO FLESH OF
MINE!



"CITRINA FOLLOWED IN THAT TRANSIT
TO EARTH, UNDETECTED, AS SHE LEFT
NO MAGICAL TRAIL HERSELF!"



THE DARK LORD'S VOICE
IS FULL OF THUNDER--



--WHICH BOWS IN DISTANT REALS
THROUGH THE HALLS OF CASTLE
AMETHYST--

I MUST PRESS
ON ALONG CYTHRA!
THE DEBT I OWE
DARK OPAL IS A
PERSONAL ONE...

..FOR I AM
HIS FIRST BORN
SON..

"AND I MUST FREE MY SIBLINGS
FROM THE NETHER-DIMENSION
WHERE HE HATH BANISHED THEM
TO LANGUISH FOR ETERNITY!"



BUT YOU ARE
NEARLY HUMAN,
GARNON, WHILE
THEY--

..ARE ALL MIS-
SHAPED MONSTERS,
YES BUT WE ARE
ONE IN DARK OPAL'S
EYES--

--AND WE
POSSESS THE POWER
TO OVERTHROW HIM!

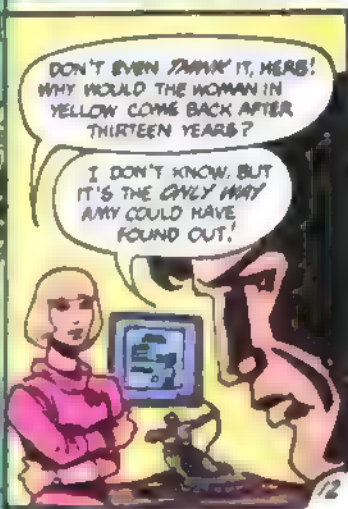
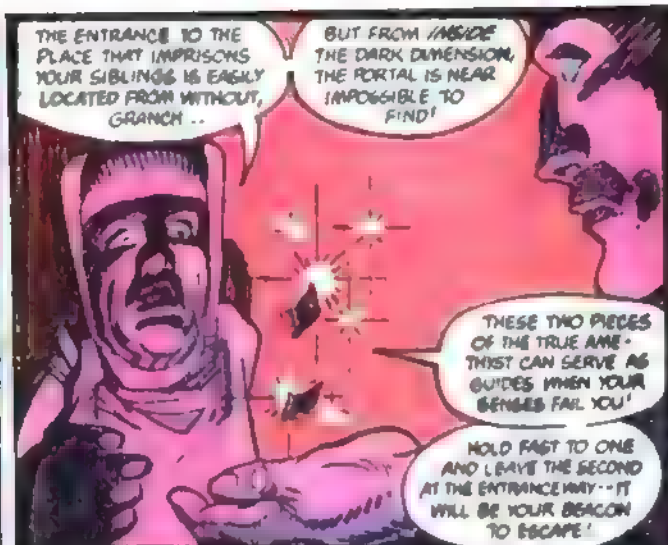


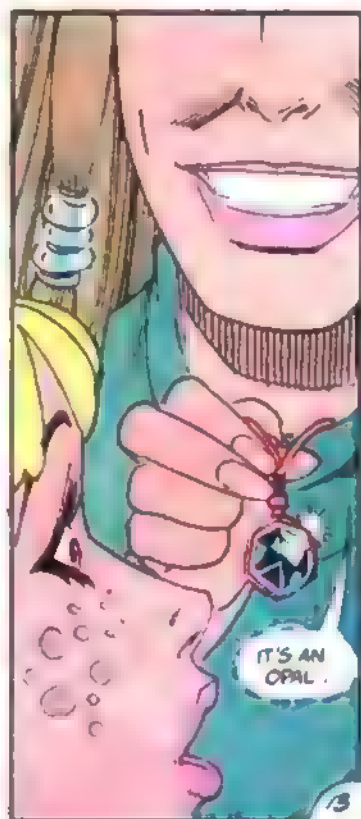
DEAR FRIEND I HOPE YOU'RE
RIGHT--THOUGH I BELIEVE THAT
ALL OPPOSED TO OPAL & RULE
MUST RALLY AROUND THE PRINCESS
WHENST IF AFTERMATH IS TO
BE SECURED!

YET YOU KNOW YOUR
OWN HEART--KNEW IT WELL
ENOUGH INDEED TO HAVE
FLED DARK OPAL'S HOME,
THOUGH HE RAISED YOU
AS HIS HEIR!



AND YOU HAVE RENDERED
GREAT SERVICE TO THIS HOUSE AND
TO ME--I WOULD NOT TRY TO
BAR YOUR WAY.







--A DARK OVAL!

ALL AT ONCE ANY
WASTON FEELS AS
THOUGH A COLD HAND
HAS REACHED AROUND
HER SPINE...

A FEELING SHARED BY
HER BEST FRIEND AND
PROTECTOR GORDON, AS HE
PROCEEDS ON HIS CRIM
MISSION...

I CAN
FEEL THE EVIL IN
THE AIR EVEN HERE--
STILL LEAVES
AWAY FROM THE
FORTRESS! IT'S
AS IF--

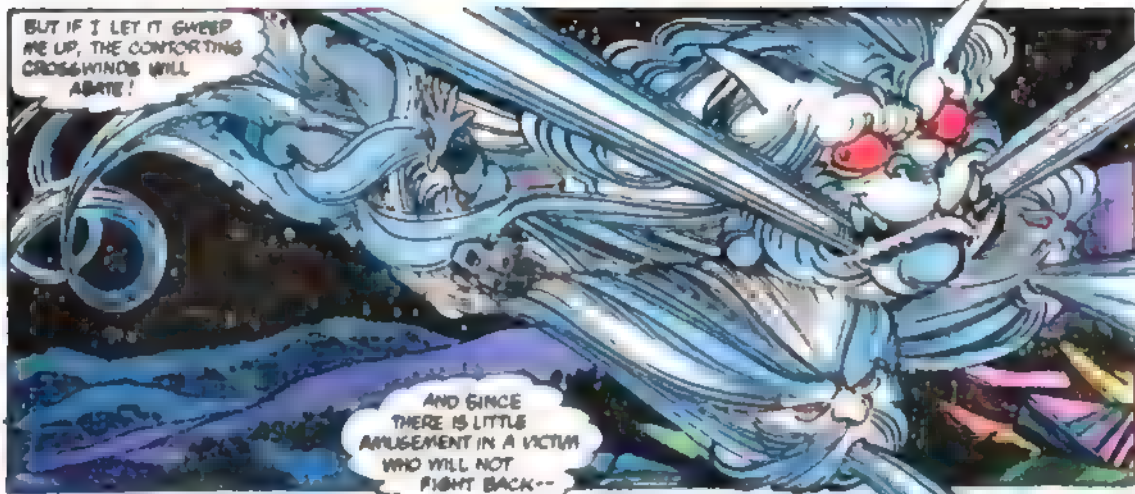
RAASH! THAT
SUDDEN WIND--
FEARING AT ME!

THIS IS NO
NATURAL GALE!
IT CAN ONLY
BE--

--A
WIND
DEMON!

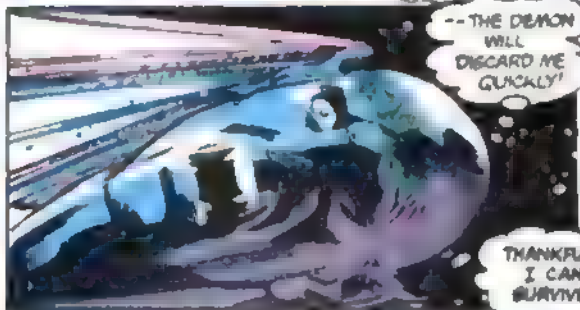
ITS TEMPEST TRAIL
CAN TWIST A BODY APART!
EVEN MY STRENGTH
CANNOT RESIST IT!

YEEAHEEHEE



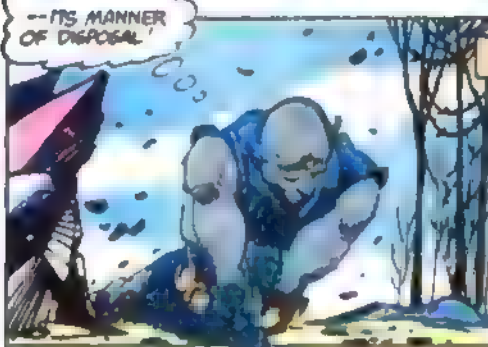
BUT IF I LET IT SWEEP
ME UP, THE CONTORTING
CROSSWINDS WILL
ABATE!

AND SINCE
THERE IS LITTLE
AMUSEMENT IN A VICTIM
WHO WILL NOT
FIGHT BACK--

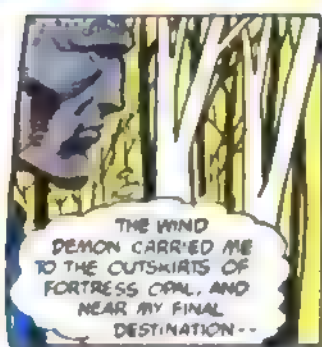


-- THE DEMON
WILL
DISCARD ME
QUICKLY!

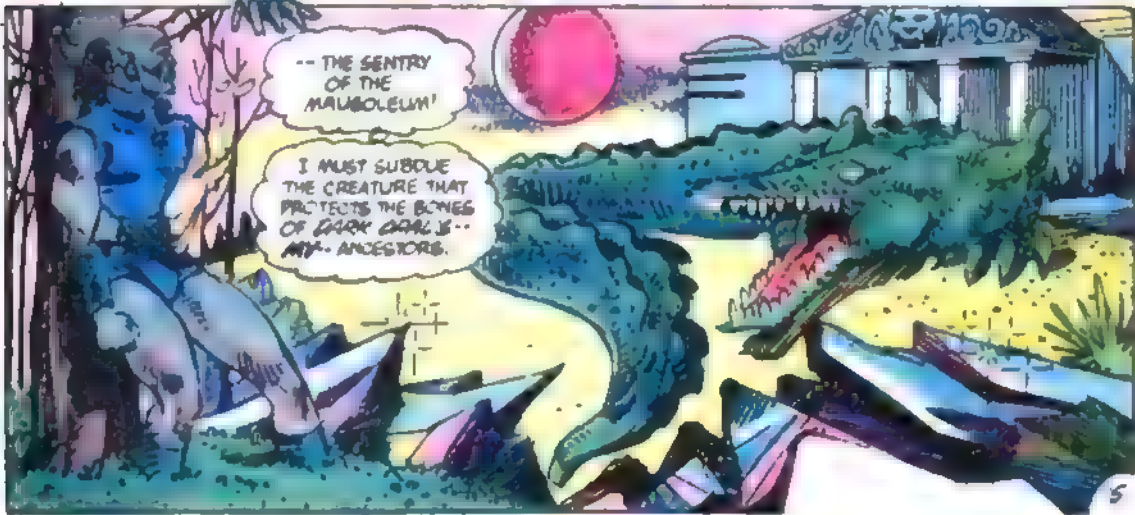
THANKFULLY,
I CAN
SURVIVE--



-- ITS MANNER
OF DISPOSAL!

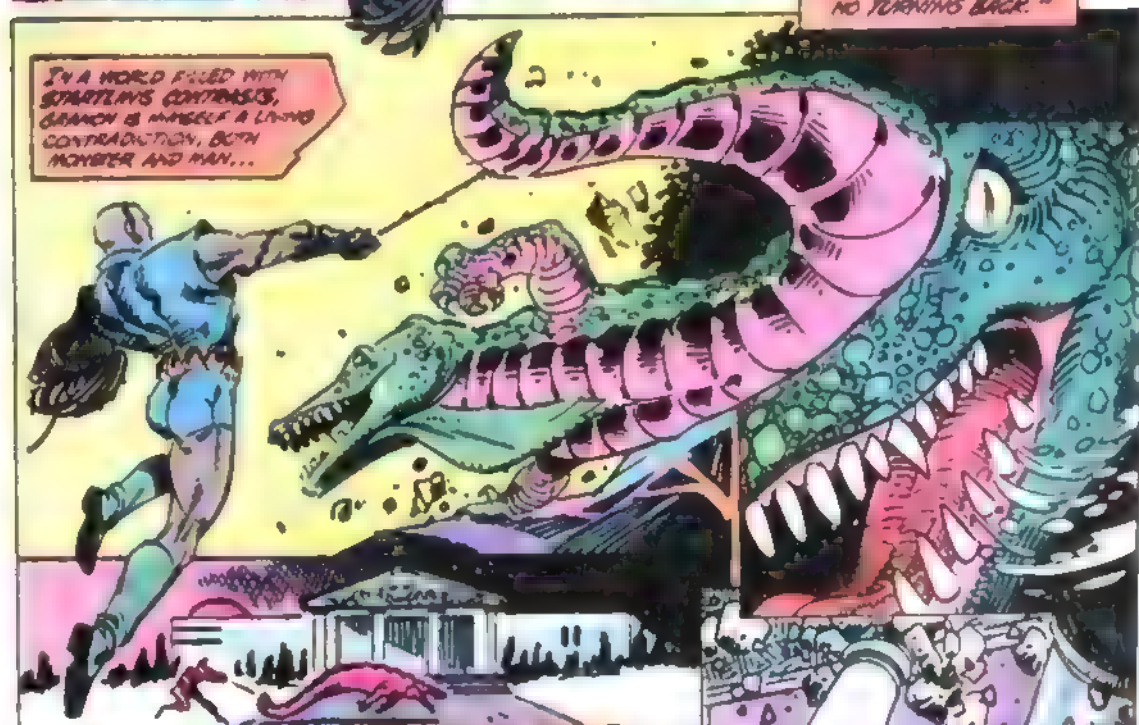
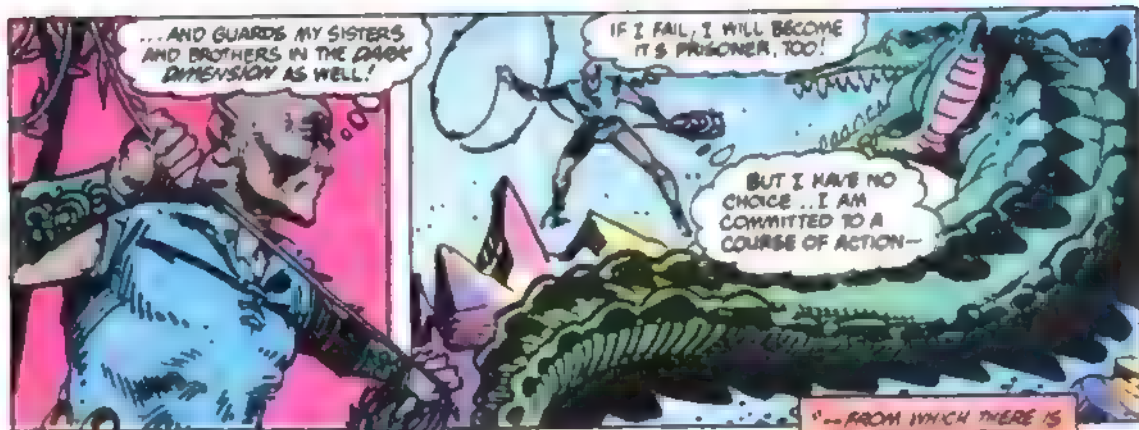


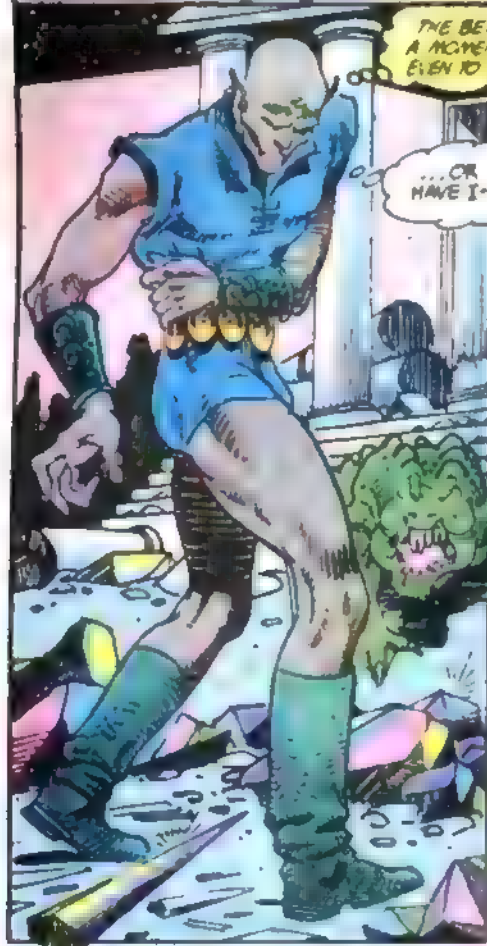
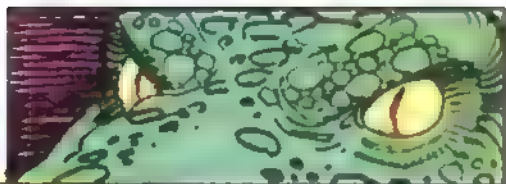
THE WIND
DEMON CARRIED ME
TO THE CUTSKIRTS OF
FORTRESS COAL, AND
NEAR MY FINAL
DESTINATION--



-- THE SENTRY
OF THE
MAUSOLEUM!

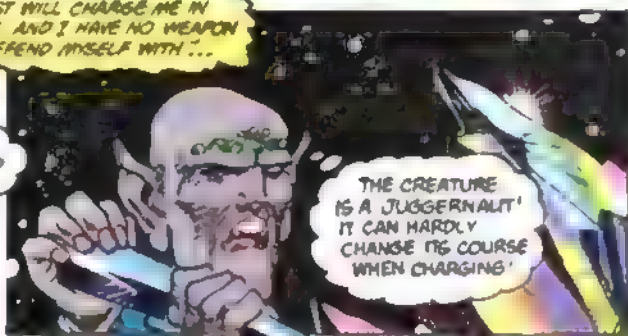
I MUST SUBDUDE
THE CREATURE THAT
PROTECTS THE BONES
OF DARK COAL'S--
MY-- ANCESTORS.





THE BEAST WILL CHARGE ME IN A MOMENT AND I HAVE NO WEAPON EVEN TO DEFEND MYSELF WITH ...

...OR HAVE I--?



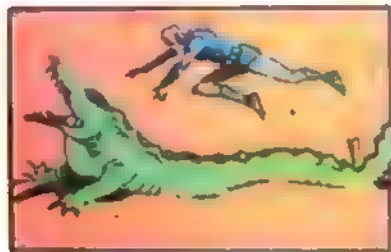
THE CREATURE IS A JUGGERNAUT! IT CAN HARDLY CHANGE ITS COURSE WHEN CHARGING!



I MUST LET IT THINK IT HAS ME-- STAND MY GROUND TILL THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT--



--THEN STRIKE!



MEANWHILE

Jan. 28th, Stamford, Ct. 4:00 A.M. Soft strains of quiet music filter thru my sleep-clogged brain and nudge me awake. Rock's okay... but not to wake up to. Shut off my clock/radio and ped downstairs to brew my morning tea. No day can start without my morning tea.

4:20 A.M. Armed with my steaming mug (Sweet 'n' Low and a little cream, please), I sit down at my drawing table, turn on my T.V. to "Nightline" and start taking page 6 of a special Teen Theme book concerned with drugs. It's a 28 page book by the regular Titans' team of Wolfman and Perez but this one's being done for the government. The anti-drug message doesn't interfere with it being a good story and so we may also release it to the general public as a special.

6:15 A.M. Finished taking the figures on page 6. Bill Collins who's helping me by taking backgrounds on this book will finish it up. Too tight a deadline for a part-timer like me to do alone.

7:05 A.M. Showered, shampooed, shaved and as shiny as I can be, I jump in my '78 Monte Carlo for the short drive to the railroad station to catch the 7:28 to New York. First I gotta stop at Dunkin' Donuts for my morning coffee. No day can start without my morning coffee.

7:28 A.M. Made it! After finishing my morning coffee and looking at all the pretty girls on the train, I dig into the bulging portfolio I carry all the time for some paper and start to write this column! (Of course I can't finish writing this till later... The day hasn't finished yet.)

9:15 A.M. (New York City) Late again! We arrive at Grand Central station some fifteen minutes late and I have to hustle to the office to make a 9:30 meeting in Paul Levitz's office.

9:29 (At my office) Just have time to fix my mid-morning cup of coffee before running down the hall to Paul's office. No meeting can start without my mid-morning cup of coffee.

9:32 (Paul's office) Roger Slifer, Editor, Bruce Bristow, Marketing Director and Paul, V.P. Operations all look-up as I burst into the office. They stare at me a bit reproachfully. They

can't fool me, they've been here all night to make sure they'd all be there before me so they could make me feel guilty for being late.

We discuss a new reprint line. Our current reprints are restricted to two monthly digest-sized titles. 96 pages each and some pretty good stuff but the small size makes the good stories less impressive and it's clear that the office isn't terribly popular with retailers. The first thing we decide is that even if we produce a few digest reprints a year, most of our future reprints will be conventionally sized with at least some of it to have good production values (offset printing on Baxter stock). We decide that details will be worked up at a later meeting. I mention that our new reprint rates will make our artists & writers very happy. We've increased them over 400%! Very happy indeed!

10:30 (Back in my office) My last (Honest!) cup of coffee for the day sits in front of me as I write all this down (From 9:15 A.M.) before I forget. Before I'm done, the following takes place (though not necessarily in this order).

- Julie Schwartz pops in with the news that Superman and Supergirl will be a bit late this month. No sweat.

- Bob Lafosse (Production) has a problem on a cover. We solve it.

- Karen Berger insists we're going to ship an entire week of comics late if I don't start bounding some of our people. She has to tell me that. She's our Editorial Coordinator.

- Pat Bastienne worries that the Freelancer checks won't be down from Payroll till late in the afternoon and the artists and writers who come in to pick them up will have to wait for them.

- Roy Thomas calls from L.A. Gee, he's up early. Only 8:30 or so his time.

- Wants to know if the title for his new project has cleared copyright search. It hasn't. "How can we promote it if it doesn't have a title?" Gee, I don't know, Roy!

- Len Wein reminds me that we've got an afternoon meeting. What time, Len? About 3:00 P.M. Okay.

12:05 P.M. Lunch time! Generally, lunch time is also business time. When I can, I go to lunch with one (or more) of our writers or artists and discuss

well, comics. Not so today. I take off with a few people from the office and manage to stare at the wall a lot while I'm eating to recharge my batteries.

1:15 (Back at the office) Note on my desk advises me that my "Meanwhile..." column is desperately late. "Warning: It's not to the typesetter by Monday... We print a blank page!" I don't get no respect!

1:35 (my office) Don McGregor brings in the re-write for "Nathaniel Dusk" #1. He originally wrote it as a complete script but Gene Colan felt constricted and made some changes to open it up a bit. This required that Don do a partial re-write to bridge the gaps left by Gene's changes. The final result of the two working off each other is near perfect.

2:07 (Still my office) Before I can digest the Dusk re-write, Ernie Colon and Roger Slifer plop themselves down across my desk and proceed to outline a year's worth of material scheduled for "New Talent Showcase". They're the editors of that worthwhile project that provides a showcase for new talent. (That's why we picked that title, gang!) Their line-up looks great and after making some suggestions for getting the operation to run more smoothly, we agree to meet again in a week or two and set a firm schedule for the books premiere appearance.

2:48 (My office still) Just time for a few phone calls before my 3:00 'clock meeting. Nuts 'N Bolts stuff, like, "When's Omega Men #4 gonna come in, Mike?" And "Don't laugh, Frank! I really need the art for the Robin poster by the 17th" and "what do you mean you haven't been paid for the Green Lantern art... I put your bill thru two weeks ago!"

3:00 Doug Moench, George Pears, Len Wein and Mary Wollman troop into, and take over my office. "We're gonna talk about Robin I and Robin II", I'm informed. Well, first of all we'll never call them by those names. And secondly I can't tell you any more yet. But the meeting lasted until 5:10 P.M. and that's the time I have to leave the office to make the train.

5:42 Train back to Stamford I read "Sword Of The Atom" part III on the train, discuss some of the day's events with staffer Pat Bastienne who often shares my commute. I doze off.

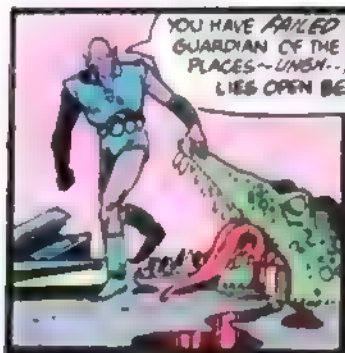
7:17 (Stamford) And just 9 minutes late!

7:30 (Home again) In time for dinner, a bit of T.V. and falling asleep wherever I am by 10 P.M. (Unless I'm doing something I like!)

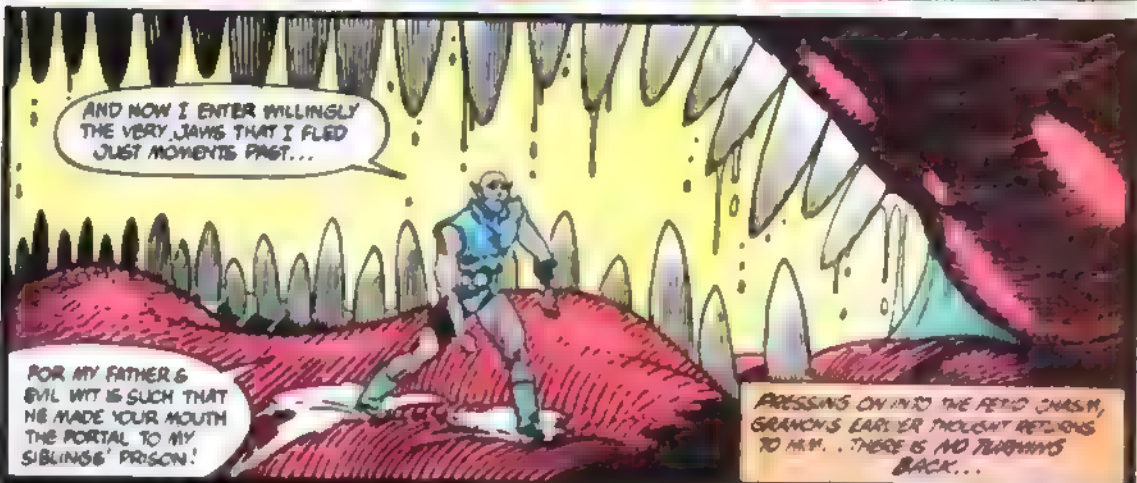
Well, some of you have asked "just what does an Executive Editor (or Managing Editor, or Editor-in-Chief) do?" And I just thought I'd.

Thank you and Good afternoon...

Dick-



YOU HAVE FAILED YOUR MASTER, GUARDIAN OF THE NETHER PLACES~UNEN~AND MY PATH LIES OPEN BEFORE ME!



AND NOW I ENTER WILLINGLY THE VERY JAWES THAT I FLED JUST MOMENTS PAST...

FOR MY FATHER'S EVIL WIT IS SUCH THAT HE MADE YOUR MOUTH THE PORTAL TO MY SIBLINGS' PRISON!

PRESSING ON INTO THE FEED CHASM, GRANCH'S EARLIER THOUGHT RETURNS TO HIM... THERE IS NO TURNING BACK...

WHILE AT ORACLE AMETHYST--



WHAT TROUBLES YOU, WITCH-MOTHER?

WHO...?

OH FAWNA DEAR-- I'M JUST... TIED.

I READ MORE WORRY THAN WEARINESS ON YOUR BROW.

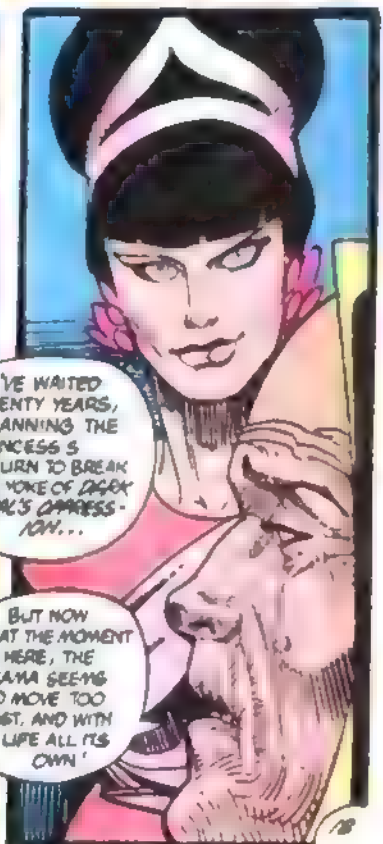


YES-- YOU'RE MOST PERCEPTIVE.

I AM WORRIED-- FOR EVENTS THAT I'VE SET IN MOTION ARE NO LONGER UNDER MY CONTROL!

I'VE WAITED TWENTY YEARS, PLANNING THE PRINCESS'S RETURN TO BREAK THE YOKER OF DARK ORACLE'S OPPRESSION...

BUT NOW THAT THE MOMENT IS HERE, THE DRAMA SEEMS TO MOVE TOO FAST, AND WITH A LIFE ALL ITS OWN!





I FEAR--EH?

CITRIINA...!



WHO CALLS?

HELP ME,
CITRIINA...

IS IT YOU, GRANCH,
WHO SEEK MY AID?

WITCH-MOTHER,
BEWARE! IT MAY
BE SOME WICKED
SUBTERFUGE!



NO, FAWNA--I SENSE
NO THREAT IN THE APOCALYPTIC
VIBRATIONS... THE PLEA IS
GENUINE AND SINCERE!

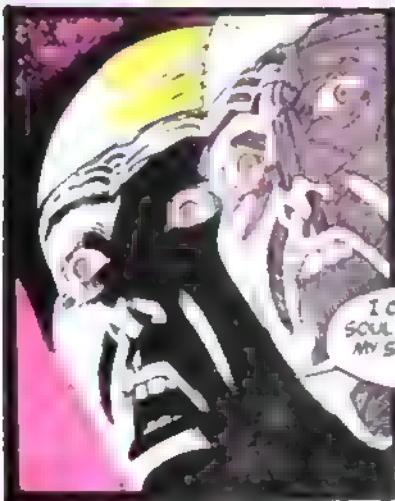
CITRIINA...



OF COURSE YOU
SEE NO THREAT, OLD
FOOL... FOR IT IS YOUR
OWN GEM, THE
CITRINE THAT TRANS-
MITS THE MAGIC CALL.

--AND ITS
FRIENDLY AURA
BLINDS YOUR
PERCEPTIONS

BUT YOU WILL
KNOW YOUR ENEMY
SOON ENOUGH



I CANNOT REFUSE THE POOR
SOUL WHO CRIES OUT FOR ME! LET
MY SPIRIT GO FORTH TO FIND THIS
FRIEND IN NEED!

THE ANCIENT SORCERESS
RELEASES HER BARRIED ESSENCE
FROM ITS CORPoreal SHELTER...

-- KNOWING THAT SHE CAN
INSTANTLY RETURN IT TO
HER BODY SHOULD DANGER
BE EVIDENT.

CITRINIA

...AND WHEN CITRINIA'S
SPIRIT ESSENCE HAS
REACHED THE SOURCE OF
THE MAGICAL ENTREATY--

WHAT PLACE
IS THIS.. WHO
SUMMONS
ME HERE?

I CALLED OLD
WITCH.. AND THE PLACE
I KNOW YOU WILL
RECOGNIZE.

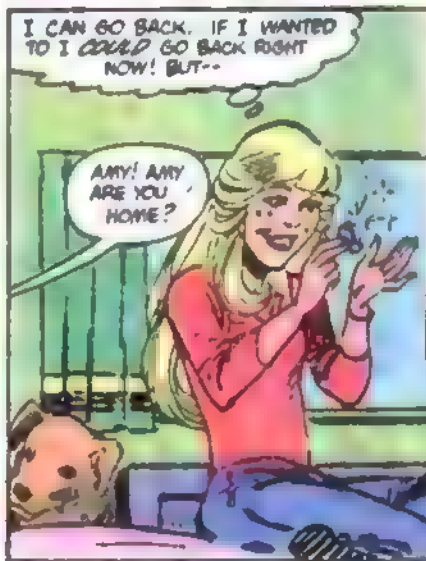
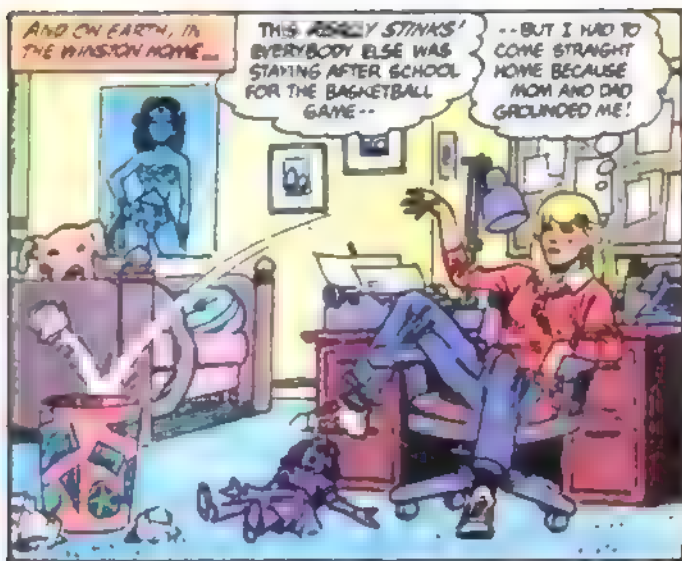
DARK GOAL!
THEN IT WAS
A TRICK

BUT DO NOT
THINK THAT
YOU CAN HOLD--

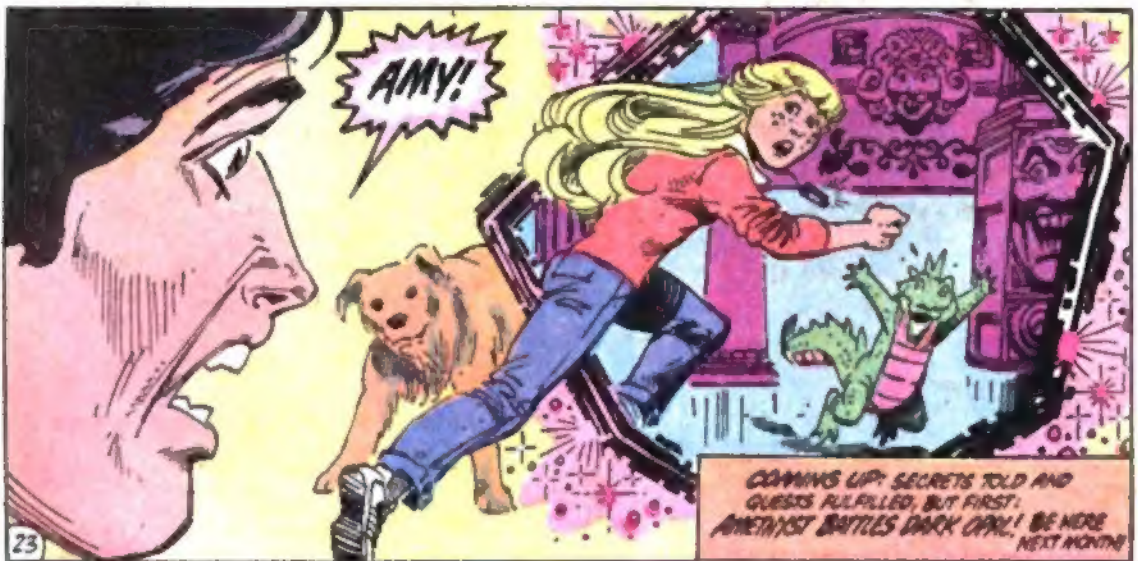
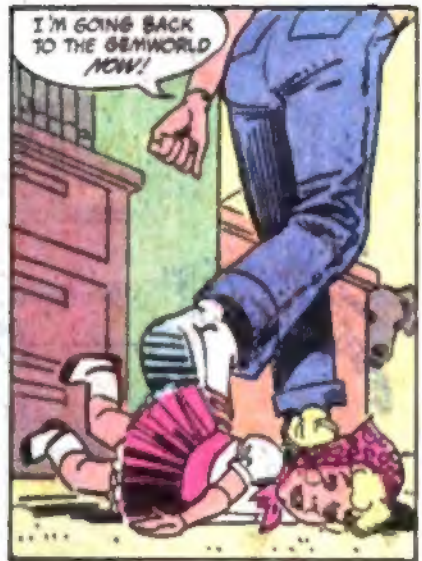
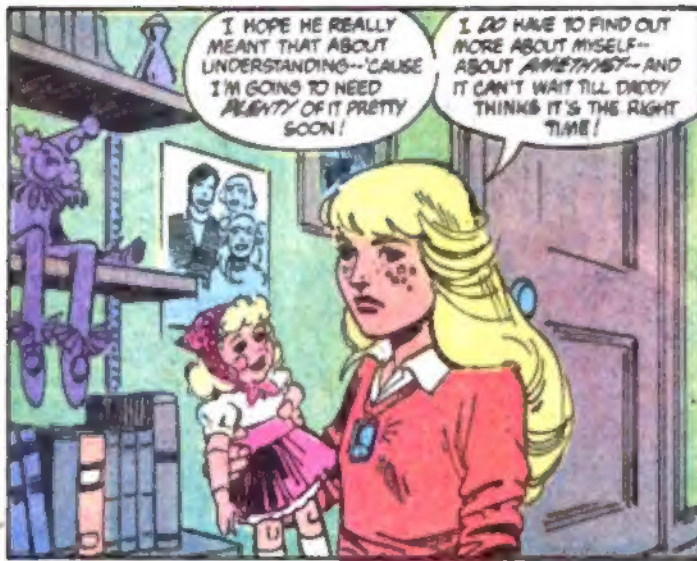
WHAT..? THE
WEBBING HOLDS ME
FAST THE STRANDS
ARE SPIN OF
CONJURY!

WHAT A
FINE DUPE YOU
HAVE BECOME,
CITRINA

AND WHAT
TENDER BAIT
TO AWAIT
YOUNG ANTHEMIST'S
RETURN!







Purple Prose

DC COMICS, INC.,
666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10103



Hi! I'm Gary Cohn, and since I'm at least partly responsible for what happens in these pages, our piquant editor, Karen Berger, has asked me to answer your letters. I can refuse her little, and besides, it sounds like fun. So let's get to them, and if space permits I'll tell you a bit about how Dan and I came to be writing comics.

Dear Editor:

I am always amazed at how good these inserted previews are! But I am literally astounded at the quality of the AMETHYST preview in LEGION #298. A magical world has been created with real people with real motivations. I would say such a feat in fifteen pages was impossible were I not familiar with the remarkable talents of Mishkin, Cohn, Colon and Ziuko.

Some random first impressions: *Dark Opal*—Sinister yet oddly noble. Ernie has created a striking visual character... *Sardonyx*—A toady. I hate him already... *Carnelian*—Scheming, opportunistic, but somehow sympathetic. Probably the closest thing to a handsome leading man in the series... *Grench*—A likeable guardian. Without the ears he could play basketball for the Gemworld Jewels... *Amethyst*—Gorgeous, admirable and down-to-earth, despite her crown. The garbage disposal line was precious. You might want to investigate the problems of changing from thirteen-year-old Amy to the voluptuous woman, Amethyst. Of course we readers will want to see some of Amy's life.

It appears to be a spectacular debut to a spectacular comic. I'll be waiting anxiously. Good luck!

Mark Lagasse
577 Congress St.
Troy, N.Y. 12180

Goeh—such praise! Shucks, Mark, we're just little of comics makers here—you'll turn our heads with such glowing hosannas!

Seriously, we're glad you're so pleased and excited with AMETHYST, because so are we. We plan to explore all the directions the series leads in, including Amy/Amethyst's dual nature. We appreciate your warm words, and hope to keep you "wowed".

Dear Dert, Gary, Ernie, Tom, Karen and Dave (is that everyone?):

Through the first fourteen pages of the AMETHYST preview in LEGION #298 I found nothing of exceptional interest. It seemed a rather standard fantasy tale. Oh sure, it had some particularly nice work from Ernie Colon, and some interesting concepts and nice plot turns by Mishkin and Cohn, but it just didn't grab me.

That state of mind changed when I saw the final page. There were two things that caused this change. First, Amethyst is not "just" another magically-powered heroine. She is a seemingly

ordinary girl from an ordinary world thrust into an extraordinary situation. Second, AMETHYST is a maxi-series. By limiting its run you've ensured that it will not exhaust its basic, compelling storyline. Just my luck, it will turn out so well I'll wish it was an unlimited series (I should be so lucky).

Congratulations on your good moves so far and best wishes for a continuance of same.

"T.M. Maple"
Toronto, Ontario

We're glad we "caught" you, T.M., even if it did take all fifteen pages to do it. As you know, any piece of "genre" fiction shares certain common traits with everything else in that genre. But that doesn't mean it has to be "the standard fare". We plan to keep AMETHYST fresh, new and surprising, and the Amy/Amethyst duality is just the first surprise! We are committed to making AMETHYST the very best fantasy series in comics, and we think we've got the characters, the story and the creative team to make it happen!

Dear Editor:

I must admit, when I picked up LEGION #298 it was solely for the Legion story (by the way, another winner!). However, I did turn back to that AMETHYST story.

The art caught my eye first. Then upon checking the credits I knew why: Ernie Colon. Then I saw the writers: Mishkin and Cohn. I regard their "When You Wish Upon a Planetoid" in DC PRESENTS #50 as one of the best Superman stories.

With such a capable group, I figured the book would have a chance. So I continued to read, and honestly, it seemed like typical sword and sorcery stuff. That is, until the last page.

Well, people, I've taken the bait. Let's hope you can reel me in! Success!

David Stone (Yes, it's my real name)
730 Ontario Street #508
Toronto, Ontario M4X1N3

P.S. I have an idea for the name of the letter column: "Precious Gems". I reasoned that people who write in like to think that their letters are appreciated in some way.

Aha! Another one caught by that last page! It's working. Mishkin! NYAHHAHA!

Regarding the letters col heading, Dave, we had already settled on PURPLE PROSE, but thanks for the good suggestion anyway!

And about that art, Dan and I were convinced from the very start that Ernie was the only artist for AMETHYST. We wanted him to be restrained by just two things: the demands of telling the story, and his own prodigious visual imagination. Every time I reread the issues he's already drawn (I'm still new

enough to this business to chortle over my own stuff again and again, amazed and delighted that I'm actually getting to do this for a living! I find new wonders in the art. Ernie's work is positively rich in the kind of telling detail and nuance that establishes the "placeness" of the Gemworld and the authenticity of its people and events. I love it!

Dave, the last thing we want AMETHYST to be is "typical" of anything. We don't plan to slip up, but if we do, let us know. And that goes for Mark and T.M. and all our other readers as well. We'd like to establish a dialog in these pages that will help make AMETHYST a memorable success! Thanks all for your good wishes. And we'll see you next month!

—GC

DAN AND I

Sixteen years ago Dan Mishkin and I used to sit around talking about all the great things we'd do if we wrote DC comics. Everyone who reads comics talks like that, but very few ever get the chance to fulfill the fantasy. Our route to that goal was more circuitous than most.

Dan was, in addition to being a great buddy, valuable in another very important way. He bought every comic that came out! Being his friend meant never having to buy another comic, a great boon since I just threw them away when I was finished with them (And still do! Whoa—calm down everyone! Put down those rock! Stop tying that noose! I was just kidding! Honest!).

Well, the time came when we went off to college. Dan to Michigan State University, me to Plattsburgh State in the blustery wilderness of upstate New York. Dan and I spent ridiculous sums of money on long distance phone calls, and most of the time we spent discussing comics and our own original characters (the more things change...).

But Plattsburgh was not all I'd dreamed the college experience could be (then again, where else would I have had the opportunity to see soap bubbles freeze?), and by the next year I was Dan's roommate at Michigan State.

The early Seventies were a pretty wild time. We lived in a dorm that was the central pool of educational and social radicalism at MSU, and we both immersed ourselves (as I recall, Dan waded into the shallow end and paddled about, while I plunged into the deep end and nearly drowned).

We both attended the Clarion Science Fiction Writers Workshop at MSU. I in 1972. Dan in 1974 when I was secretary to the workshop director and got to run off endless photocopies of stories. What fun! We took our lessons from the likes of Damon Knight and Kate Wilhelm, Harlan Ellison, Thomas Disch, Theodore Sturgeon... at Clarion we were taught the essentials of storytelling.

After that we followed our separate paths. Dan to North Carolina and every Jewish mother's dream, marriage to a doctor; I to the rooftops of New York (no, I hadn't become the Batman—I was a construction worker).

I bought a Triumph Bonneville motorcycle and a leather jacket, but somehow I just didn't meet enough dangerous women to justify the life I was living. My boss on the building site noticed this. Whenever I was at my sweetest, grimmest, tireddest and most miserable, he would amble over and say, "When ya goin' back to school, kid?"

Eventually I took his advice, saddled up the Triumph and rode out to Bowling Green Ohio and a teaching assistantship in the master's program in Popular Culture Studies. I met a lot of tame women there, but they looked at my bike and leather jacket and decided I was dangerous, so it worked out pretty well. And then I met Betsy...

Meanwhile Dan's wife, Karen, decided to fulfill her residency in the Midwest. I convinced Dan that the Pop Culture program was more fun than working in a bookstore, and soon we were together again.

The next year Betsy and I were married. Dan and I taught Pop Culture classes and shared an office, and once again we talked about comics and how we would write them. Dan began a correspondence with Paul Levitz, who referred us to Jack Harris, and Jack bought our first story, a three pager for TIMEWARP #3.

That was a few years ago. After grad school we spent a couple of years in close proximity. Dan and Karen in Flint, Michigan. Betsy and I in Ann Arbor, then Lansing. Dan and I continued to sell stories to DC, and eventually decided that it would help if one of us moved to New York. Betsy had always wanted to live in the Big Apple anyhow, Karen was committed to healing the sick in Michigan, so Betsy and I packed up cats, motorcycle, typewriter and toys and came to Brooklyn.

Since then Dan and I have continued to make real our boyhood dream, and AMETHYST is the latest and most important step. We've done a lot of work together, and each has done some work on his own, such as Dan's scripting chores on WONDER WOMAN, and my back-up series in WARLORD, "The Barren Earth".

But we both agree that our best work is one in tandem, haggling over the fine points of plotting and characterization, wrestling each other's clumsy lines into cleaner, more eloquent shape, "blue-skying" new characters and projects.

Dan lives in Lansing now with Karen and a beautiful little daughter, Grace. I live in Brooklyn, with Betsy, two cats and a Honda. Our phone bills are still ridiculous.



ON SALE APRIL 14TH

BATMAN #381—Story by Doug Moench, pencils by Don Newton, inks by Alfredo Alcala. Cover by Ed Hannigan and Dick Giordano. MAN-BAT is back and revenge is on his mind! He kidnaps Jason Todd, the Darknight Detective's new sidekick. Will the Gotham Avenger track him down before it's too late?

THE FLASH #323—Story by Cary Bates. Pencils by Carmine Infantino. Inks by Dennis Jensen. Fionia's at the altar—but where's Barry? **THE CREEPER** also stars in another bizarre adventure written by Carl Gafford and deftly drawn by Chuck Patton.

SUPERMAN #385—Story by Cary Bates, pencils by Curt Swan, inks by Dave Hunt. He's the most reviled, the deadliest, the most hateful man on Earth—and if you thought LUTHOR had a case against SUPERMAN before, you ain't seen nothing yet!

THE NEW TEEN TITANS #33—Story by Merv Wolfman. Pencils by George Perez. Inks by Romeo Tanghal. Cover by George. Introducing a new villain—TRIDENT! What's his secret? And who killed him? It's a TITANS whodunit—and what a shocker it is! Still today's most titanic title!

THE SAGA OF THE SWAMP THING #15—"Empires Made of Sand" is the suspense-packed conclusion by writer Dan Mishkin and artists Scott and Bo Hampton! **SWAMP THING** and **THE PHANTOM STRANGER** have both fallen prey to the crystal touch... who will be next? Extraordinary excitement by Mishkin and two amazing new art talents!

THE OMEGA MEN #4—Story by Roger Slifer, art by Keith Giffen and Mike De Carlo. Cover by Keith and Mike. "Breakdown!" A death-duel for the leadership of **THE OMEGA MEN**! The one who walks away is the one who leads! An **OMEGA MAN** dies at the hand of another! **PLUS**—the fate of **KALISTA**! Can this be the end of **THE OMEGA MEN**—or the first step toward ultimate victory over the Citadel?